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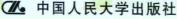
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教育界有一个普遍共识:学习能力的欠缺从本质上是阅读能力的滞后。阅读是学生进一步掌握知识、养成能力的阶梯,在阅读能力欠缺的情况下,新的知识就无从进入学习者的大脑,更无法生成更高层次的知识,也就无从提高能力。同时,阅读又是所有人类活动中最能贴近心灵、激发愉悦的一种。真正的阅读,应该是优雅的;而真正值得阅读的,除了经典,还是经典。

基于此,我们与中国人民大学出版社外语分社几经磋商,又经过与众多位志同道合的同仁的多次研讨,就有了"常春藤英语系列"这一套英语泛读教材的诞生。我们从浩瀚的英语文选中,挑出适合不同阶段中学生阅读的内容。这是一项庞大的工程,十几个月的时间里我们读遍了英国、美国、加拿大、澳大利亚的语文教材,那些文字大多是英语国家百年传承的经典。置身其中,我们犹如同一个个鲜活的人物和场景对话,每每为他们的所思所想所感所为所处而感动、而思考;每当痛下决心不得不舍弃某一经典文篇的时候,我们总会拷问自己竟然如此残忍!

结合国情、学情,我们将优中选优的"幸存者",依据英语课程标准分配到了不同等级的册子里。为了帮助读者消化这些经典,我们又针对中考改革和高考改革的最新精神,根据多年的教学研究经验,以北京、重庆两大都市名校名师的视角,在这套书中设计了不同层次的学习任务。这些任务都具有很强的实效性、操作性和通用性,既便于教师在课堂上实施,又便于学生课下自我检测。这些任务包括:

常春藤英语 六级·下)

任务一,"How well did you read?"旨在辅助读者理解文章、自我评估和调控,或者试图将读者对文章的理解提高到较高的层次。

任务二,"Read for words"。我们对照新课标词汇表,针对重点词汇设计了配套练习——我们相信,这种在语境中进行的练习,会帮助读者更有效地扩大词汇量。

任务三,"Writing practice"。不是每一篇选文后面都设计了这一任务。这一任务采用了两种形式:一种是 Summary writing,希望借此加强读者对文章的记忆并加厚读者的写作功底;另一种是开放的 Questions,意在通过此种形式的写作推动读者的思维,引导读者去思考深层次的问题。

所有与我一起甄选文章、设计任务的老师均来自北京市重点中学或者著名学校以及四川外国语大学附属外国语学校(重庆外国语学校),他们都在三尺讲坛上耕耘多年,对于师生的需求有最直接的发言权,对于中学生的英语学习问题有最直观的了解和感受。他们白天保质上课,晚上熬夜选文、精心构思设计。因为他们深知,今日所做,正是为了成就一批又一批的优秀读者。

我们的团队——这些名校教师们日夜辛苦那么久,唯一的目的在于: 期望我们的学生——认识的,不认识的,均能从这套书中受益; 希望我们的中学英语学习资源里,有更多更好的经典; 希望更多的人,能够静下心来,真正品一品英语的芳香。对于我个人而言,还有一个小小的私心: 为我今年正在人大附中七年级读书的女儿聂子健编写一套对得起她的阅读教材,作为爸爸送给她的礼物,伴随她从初一到高三——我对她的最高期许,就是希望她成为一个爱读书的人、一个身心健康的人。

《论语》说:"天下之无道也久矣,天将以夫子为木铎。"夫子的时代远去了,但是我们依然需要木铎,不时地在我们身边响起,提醒我们,应该通过阅读经典来与自己的心灵对话。

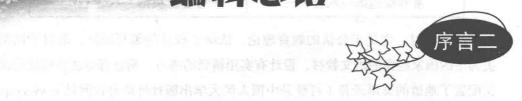
我们不敢妄自尊大,将我们的这套书称为"木铎",但是,至少,如果您真的选择了它,偶尔的木铎金声,您是可以听到的。

木铎声声,其音悠悠,其韵绵长。绝恶于未萌,起敬于微渺,不经意间,我 们的未来,也许就已经改变。

> 聂成军 甲午年(2014年)夏 于北京市海淀区教师进修学校



编辑心语



阅读是人生进步的阶梯,知识是文明进化的尺度。

《义务教育英语课程标准》和《普通高中英语课程标准》明确规定,中学生的阅读量为:三级,4万词以上;四级,10万词以上;五级,15万词以上;六级,18万词以上;七级,23万词以上;八级,30万词以上。

我们深感广大的中学生缺少严格按照上述标准编写、内容精到经典的英语泛读教材。经过与北京市海淀区教师进修学校中学英语教研员聂成军先生以及海淀区主要名校(中国人民大学附属中学、北京大学附属中学、清华大学附属中学、北京市十一学校、北京市 101 中学、首都师范大学附属中学、北京市八一中学、北京市第二十中学、北京市第十九中学、北京师范大学第三附属中学、中国地质大学附属中学、北京市知春里中学等)、北京师范大学良乡附属中学和四川外国语大学附属外国语学校(重庆外国语学校)部分一线骨干教师反复研讨,我们确定并精心编写了这套"常春藤英语系列"教材,共16 册:

常春藤英语 三级•上	常春藤英语 三级•下
常春藤英语 四级•上	常春藤英语 四级•下
常春藤英语 五级•上	常春藤英语 五级•下



常春藤英语 六级•下
常春藤英语 七级•二
常春藤英语 七级•四
常春藤英语 八级•二
常春藤英语 八级•四

这套教材,立足于公认的教育理论,依赖于权威的编写团队,取材于以英美为主的国家经典的语文教材,设计有实用精到的练习,精选部分适合诵读的课文配置了地道的英语录音(可登录中国人民大学出版社外语分社网站www.crup.com.cn/wy进行下载),顺应中、高考改革的趋势,是我国第一套严格按照《义务教育英语课程标准》和《普通高中英语课程标准》而精心打造的英语泛读教材。

感谢这套教材的总主编和所有编委会成员。

书如其名, 我们相信这套教材值得拥有, 相信其生命之树常青常绿。

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要读就读经典! 本册书的特点是"读经典, 品名著"!

本册是按照《普通高中英语课程标准》六级要求编写的,适合高一年级学生阅读。

本册作者精心收录了欧美著名文学大师的作品,其中有大家耳熟能详的欧·亨利的 "The Cop and the Anthem"(《警察与赞美诗》),安徒生的 "The Little Match Girl"(《卖火柴的小女孩》)和 "The Emperor's New Clothes"(《皇帝的新装》)等,还收录了美国著名民权运动领袖马丁·路德·金的 "I Have a Dream"(《我有一个梦》),该演说表达了演说者对民主、自由、平等的诉求。

另外,本书还收录了美国、英国、加拿大和澳大利亚等国家高中生必读书目和经典名著,相信读者一定会从中受益匪浅。

本书突出了实用的特点。为了帮助读者轻松阅读,本书还对重点词汇进行释义,对故事主干进行阅读理解的提示,还通过问题形式促进读者写作水平的提高。

总之,本书收录的文章形式多样,有能够带来令人心灵震撼的故事,有令人 毛骨悚然的小说,有描写男女恋情的小故事,有幽默诙谐的笑料,还有科学严谨 的科普小读物。我相信,读者通过阅读本书选取的经典名著定能与作者产生共鸣,

常春藤英语 六级·下)



对人生充满深刻感悟。更重要的是,读者一定能得到使其受益终生的快乐阅读的体验!

由于时间仓促以及编者水平有限,本书可能存在这样或那样的错误和不足,请读者批评指正。

为方便教师教学和学生阅读,本书精选 11 篇适合诵读的经典文章提供录音,读者可登录中国人民大学出版社外语分社网站 www.crup.com.cn/wy 进行下载。此外,为给学生提供更多的学习方便,本书还特别申请了答疑邮箱,读者可以通过以下邮箱与主编取得联系并提出疑问: cctyyz@126.com, cctyy_6_2@126.com, chengzsh@crup.com.cn。

包佳元 2014年5月



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Lesson



The Wallet of Love

It was a freezing day a few years ago when I <u>came across</u> a wallet in the street. There was no personal identification inside. Just three dollars, and a crumpled^① letter that looked as if it had been carried around for years.

The only thing recognizable on the torn envelope was the return address. I opened the letter and saw that it had been written in 1924—almost 60 years ago. I read it carefully, hoping to find some clue to the identity of the wallet's owner.

It was a "<u>Dear John" letter</u>. The writer, in a delicate script, told the <u>recipient</u>, whose name was Michael, that her mother forbade her to see him again. Nevertheless, she would always love him. It was signed Hannah.

It was a beautiful letter. But there was no way, except for the name Michael, to identify the owner. Perhaps if I called information the operator could find the phone number for the address shown on the envelope.

"Operator, this is an unusual request. I'm trying to find the owner of a wallet I found. Is there any way you could tell me the phone number for an address that was on a letter in the wallet?"

The operator gave me her supervisor², who said there was a phone listed at the address, but that she could not give me the number. However, she would call and explain the situation. Then, if the party wanted to talk, she would connect me. I waited a minute and she came back on the line. "I have a woman who will speak with you."

I asked the woman if she knew a Hannah.

"Oh, of course! We bought this house from Hannah's family thirty years ago."

"Would you know where they could be located now?" I asked.

"Hannah had to place her mother in a nursing home years ago. Maybe the home could help you to search for the daughter."

The woman gave me the name of the nursing home. I called and found out that



Hannah's mother had died. The woman I spoke with gave me an address where she thought Hannah could be reached.

I phoned. The woman who answered explained that Hannah herself was now living in a nursing home. She gave me the number. I called and was told, "Yes, Hannah is with us."

I asked if I could stop by to see her. It was almost 10 p.m. The director said Hannah might be asleep. "But if you want to take a chance, maybe she's in the day room watching television."

The director and a guard greeted me at the door of the nursing home. We went up to the third floor and saw the nurse, who told us that Hannah was indeed watching TV.

We entered the day room. Hannah was a sweet, silver-haired old woman with a warm smile and friendly eyes. I told her about finding the wallet and showed her the letter. The moment she saw it, she took a deep breath. "Young man," she said, "this letter was the last contact I had with Michael." She looked away for a moment, then said deep in thought, "I loved him very much. But I was only sixteen and my mother felt I was too young. He was so handsome. You know, like Sean Connery, the actor of 007."

We both laughed. The director then left us alone. "Yes, Michael Goldstein was his name. If you find him, tell him I still think of him often. I never did marry," she said, smiling through tears that welled up in her eyes. "I guess no one ever matched up to Michael..."

I thanked Hannah, said goodby and took the elevator[®] to the first floor. As I stood at the door, the guard asked, "Was the old lady able to help you?"

I told him she had given me a <u>lead</u>. "At least I have a last name. But I probably won't pursue it further for a while." I explained that I had spent almost the whole day trying to find the wallet's owner.

While we talked, I pulled out the brown-leather case with its red-lanyard[®] lacing and showed it to the guard. He looked at it closely and said, "Hey, I'd know that anywhere. That's Mr. Goldstein's. He's always losing it. I found it in the hall at least three times."

"Who's Mr. Goldstein?" I asked. "He's one of the old-timers[®] on the eighth floor. That's Mike Goldstein's wallet, for sure. He goes out for a walk quite often."

I thanked the guard and ran back to the director's office to tell him what the guard had said. He accompanied me to the eighth floor. I prayed that Mr. Goldstein would stay up.

"I think he's still in the day room," the nurse said. "He likes to read at night...a





darling old man."

We went to the only room that had lights on, and there was a man reading a book. The director asked him if he had lost his wallet. Michael Goldstein looked up, felt his back pocket and then said, "Goodness, it is missing."

"This kind gentleman found a wallet. Could it be yours?"

The second he saw it, he smiled with <u>relief</u>. "Yes," he said, "that's it. Must have dropped it this afternoon. I want to give you a reward."

"Oh, no thank you," I said. "But I have to tell you something. I read the letter in the hope of finding out who owned the wallet."

The smile on his face disappeared. "You read that letter?"

"Not only did I read it, I think I know where Hannah is."

He grew pale. "Hannah? You know where she is? How is she? Is she still as pretty as she was?"

I hesitated.

"Please tell me!" Michael urged®.

"She's fine, and just as pretty as when you knew her."

"Could you tell me where she is? I want to call her tomorrow."

He grabbed[®] my hand and said, "You know something? When that letter came, my life ended. I never married. I guess I've always loved her."

"Michael," I said. "Come with me." The three of us took the elevator to the third floor. We walked toward the day room where Hannah was sitting, still watching TV. The director went over to her.

"Hannah," he said softly. "Do you know this man?" Michael and I stood waiting in the doorway.

She adjusted her glasses, looked for a moment, but didn't say a word.

"Hannah, it's Michael. Michael Goldstein. Do you remember?"

"Michael? Michael? It's you!"

He walked slowly to her side. She stood and they <u>embraced</u> each other. Then the two of them sat on a couch, held hands and started to talk. The director and I walked out, both of us crying.

"See how the good Lord works," I said philosophically. "If it's meant to be, it will be." Three weeks later, I got a call from the director who asked, "Can you spare some time on Sunday to attend a wedding?" He didn't wait for an answer. "Yup, Michael and Hannah are going to tie the knot!"

It was a lovely wedding, with all the people at the nursing home joining in the celebration. Hannah wore a beige dress and looked beautiful. Michael wore a dark blue